A PARISIAN'S BREAKFAST.

THE BRIGHT HOUR BETWEEN BLEVEN AND TWELFE O'CLOCK.

The Pink Radishes, the Omelettes, the Little Fish from the Dublous Seine, the Ments and Vegetables, the Sweet Dishes, the Wine, the Coffee, the Cigarette, the Perfeet Joy-Something to Counternet the Infamies of Existence-The "Green Hour."

Paris, April 1.-Among the curious things of every kind found in the "Journal" of the De

Goneourts, there is the following:
"This evening Robin (the professor and physician) said during dinner that nothing more absurd than to serve fish immediately after the soup; for fish, being slow to digest and going down first, imprisons the other food above it, and makes an undesirable sort of pocket of the stomach. It would be better, he said, to cat fish, as is done by pro-



vincials, after the meats. He added that it was a mistake to eat radishes at the beginming of breakfast. They should be eaten be-tween the courses; in that way the radial becomes a true precipitant of digestion and the best broom for the stomach. He wound up his course of gastronomic resthetics by recom-mending the earing of a raw apple in the desseit, as its sugar acidity goes well with the gastrie juices."

There is a great deal of wisdom of this kind floating around Paris. In general, the French are not troubled with indigestion; their food is plain and seldom greasy. Along with this carefulness for the stomach goes the wellknown daintiness of the Pariscuisine. Whethor the restaurant be cheap or dear, it is never without its little elegancies. Most of these are



habitual to Parisians. as, indeed, they should be, or the elegance itself would be an affectation. The most obvious of them are centred round the hors d'œuvres, the fish, the cheese, the liqueur, and the coffee.

From 11 to 12 o'clock the Parisian takes his lunch, which he very properly calls his dejeuner, or breakfast. Before this, early in the morning, he has had his coffee, which is twothirds hot milk, and it has been served with butter (unsaited) and two small, crisp rolls. Likely enough it is the only butter he will eat



throughout the day. The true breakfast, at 11 colock is a leisurely affair. It begins, perhaps, with some tiny pink radishes or a thin slice or two of well seasoned cold sausage, alwars more expensive than it ought to be. Then there is a sipping of the wine, which need not be too dear. Even the poorest peopie hardly eat without wine, and it has impor-

Pirst, it should be understood that plain bread-always without butter—is a mainstay in the Parisian scheme of feeding. Its baking is brought to such excellence that with, winof only fair quality-Italian, Sicilian, Spanish, Algerian, or Californian, "rehandled" a Berey or Bordeaux-it is capable, together



with a little cheese, of making a full meal. Such wine comes retail to working people at twelve to fifteen cents a full bottle. As a rule, the cheaper it is the stronger and hicker it will be found, so that its volume may be increased and its price still reduced by adding water, as is almost invariably done. A recent joke in the Journal Annuami will auggest the universal use of wine in France. It is one of those satiros on French peasants, so noted for their thirlty, sordid cunning.

A young peasant wirl says to an old woman, I can't endure the thought of marrying that stupid fellow. I'd rather remain single."

1 es." retorts the grandam: "remain single and eat cheese with your bread and wine! Marry him and have meat for dinner."
However far we may have wandered from the well-to-do Parisian's déjeuner in the necessary explanation of the use of bread and wine, a return will find him placid and still eating. As likely as not, the sympathetic be increased and its price still reduced by



waiter will have suggested that he take an emelette, to follow the radishes, the sardines, or the expensive scrap of sausage. The tomato emelette has no great vogue in Paris. The tama oftself is not over-appreciated; and even americans, when they catch up European hatits learn to dislike it, except perhaps in sauces or, more likely, for a salad, but the omeletie with spring vegetables is a very well-known dish. It is at its best with young peas or tender, green string beans, when the omelette is half done and sprawling in the pan, the cooked vegetables are cast it and the omelette rolled around them. The same is done with grated cheese, though some often when the eggs are "scrambled." Thin steaks of tunny-fish are also used, and linely cut morsels of theroughly holled ham. The buckwheat cake is quite unknown, and its distant very distant—cousin, called the crope. Is a sweet dish not to be taken until the stomach is half full. In reality the crope is like a pancake, and has more affinity with the omelette than any battercake. If the Parisian has not some preparation of eggs for his late breakfast, he is very likely to have fish. Even the tourist will be informed that fish are particularly well cooked in Paris, which "bears the sea" upon her municipal arms, but sreadly so far from it. In his invalumbs of Parisian culinary skill consist in the different modes of dressing fish and filled debaut, and in the preparation of ragoute, fri-

candeaux mayonnaises, and sauces." It is one of the things, however, that Baedeker does not tell, how piquant are the small fishes of the Seine when served at breakfast.

The gudgoon is a true Parisian, artful and hard to book, despite the reputation of his name. For this reason alone he would always come high at restaurants; but apart from that he is very delicate in flavor, neing second only to the whitebait. Dace and gudgeons are fried soused, or "marinaded" with lemon, cloves, and alispice, and the carp—another fine Seine fish—is "frizzled," so to speak, in butter. Friture de Seine—as provocative, pl-quant, and sensual as the fantastic yet delicate damsels who brighten the dead walls of Paris in Chérot's Walteau and Fragonard-like pictorial posters—friture de Seine sums up in itself the most characteristic element of Paris charm. For it must be remembered that the Seine is often an abominably dirty, green, illemelling river, containing too much sewage even for nice bathing. As to the Seine sum ter, last summer's cholera season demonstrated its deadly power. They had a song about it, which obtained some vogue:

When God chasel from its paradise.
Our inter Adam and our mother Eve.

hich obtained some vogue:

When God chasel from His paradise
Our tather Adam and our mother Eve.
He called out to them in his loudest voice:

You shall work hard and exarcely bread receive!
His only by the sweat of weary brows
That wheat shall ripen and wine come to men."
But even He did not intend by thome
That we should drink the water of the Seine!

That we should drink the water of the Seine!

Nevertheless, it is from this water of the Seine that these toothsome little fishes come; and if you go to see them selling at the Halles, lying in disconsolate groups upon the scale-smeared counters of the scolding market-women, it is like visiting a theatre in daytime when all the dear illusion will be lacking. It is the contrast that is typical of Paris charmout of the green slime of the Seine the dainty friture comes, just as in the moral mud of Paris life the fairest blossoms bloom.

And so it is also with the tender green of salad which looks so virginal and lovely in the



bowl, and with the pouting roundness of young radishes, like "red mouths of maidens and red feet of doves." Each should be washed most carrefully and the mind be fixed rather on their beauty than their mystical origin in the sewage of Paris, of which the market gardens of the suburbs are so humanly redolent. It is this element of decay, in things physical as well as moral, which gives Paris its most piquant charm, just as a dying rose has tearful beauty that a diamond cannot show; and in the forced salad, forced asparagus, forced fruits, and the infinite variety of fragrant cheeses, "turned" creams, and "high" game, which is so plentiful, there is a symphony of



sweet dying voices, the last song of organized matter before it enters on another round in the engless revolution of all things.

From the omelette and the friture the Paris breakfast proceeds to the steak or the ragout. The fragrant rabbit stew, whose good odor of white wine and onlone (breathed upon by an indescribable native flavor which no cookery diaguises) is able to throw the fin de siècle esthete into trances, and the carrot-decorated bonut à la mode, whose complicated preparation is in such striking contrast with its simple appearance, are two breakfast triumphs of the Parisian cuisine bourgeoise. In their appetizing artificiality much of what I have called habitual elegance is found. With food so minutely cooked it would be hard if the gastronomic instincts of all Frenchmen should not be keyed to a higher pitch than that of ordinary beings. And as in gastronomy the real thing is instinct and long habit rather than intelligence, and as all the beauty of the universe is of one piece, it is to the sensual intoxicating meat stews of the Parisians that their right to judge all other art might well be traced.

In the Parisian breakfast the vegetables come next. They appear by themselves, after the meat. In the Paris style of preparing sweet dying voices, the last song of organized



young peas they are cooked with a small quantity of tender lettuce, to give a suggestion of bitterness—and, to tell the truth, to increase their volume. A few young white onions are also cooked with them and a little sugar added. The cooks also make a quaint entremets of the smallest, newest peas boiled without seasoning, served hot with scarcely any julce, and to be powdered with fine sugar. Peas are also stewed in their pods like young beans, and with a white cream sauce. Next in flavor to the peas—or perhans before themare the delicate green beans which they call harloots. In appearance they resemble the string beans of our land, which are nearly as good when they are picked quite young, almost hefore the beans have formed in the pod. The French variety have a flavor of their own, with which the cook is content so that he adds nothing to it. Potatoes are not highly esteemed, but there is the large white bean.



solssons, a variety of "greens" from spinach to red sorrel. macaroni au gratin, and the artichoke, imposing in appearance and artificial in its interest to the uninitiated palate. Gradually the well-to-do Parisian reaches the fruit and choese. The fruit and the vegetables will always be expensive in proportion to the prices of the other dishes, and the girl little sum to add up, no matter how frugally the Parisian attempts to breakfast at a restaurant. Whether he sits in the aummer under the open traces of the Champs Elysées, where it will hardly see him threugh, or in winter in the growded, cheerful little Duval places, where the beauties of the Boulevard bring their pet dogs to sit on chairs beside them, and no one says them nay, you may be sure that, if he can, this meal will have been a little poem with each course for a verse.

There comes a full to the Parisian toward midday. The scantiness of his morning coffee, together with the exercise or labor he has had, fits him for food, and the stomach, grateful



for twelve hours' repose, responds with pleasurable thrills. The Parisian has two bright hours at least in each day—hours of pure, selfish delight. The breakfast is the healthier of the two. The second is at 5 o'clock P. M., the hour of absinthe. This second is called the green hour, and it is also a time of abandon-

ment. It. too, gives the signal to forget the cares of husiness and "the infamies of existence." But the break-fast hour has no repreach. Not long ago some one who signed himself a "Roving Eng-lishman" pegan a correspondence in the



Paris Herald, recounting the success of certain breakfasts which he had been eating. They were breakfasts at Durand's and every really this place in the city. Interest in the subject spread and the Herald was deluxed with an immense amount of voluntary contributions. But throughout all, the "Roving Englishman" kept easily the first place, for he evidently was



a high judge of the higher kind of living, such as it is not my object to describe. His missionary efforts travelled with him when he left for Minrsellies and Nice, so that he sent descriptions of his breakfasts with the prices always itemized) from all points in the Riviera until some critic wrote the Heradi: "Does this man never dine? He only sends us breakfasts." The point was scarcely a good one, despite the loud laugh that it raised. The man who is enamored of breakfasts is not likely to repeat his prowess at the dinner. For such a one the breakfast is the bright hour. It is enloyed in the fresh morning by the fresh body, and as the cheese and tarte or jelly go their way and the coffee and the little glass prepare the palate for the cigarette, the heart of the Parisian expands in the odor of sweet pine forests from the green Chartrouse, and all is well with him.

Sterling Heiling.

SAID DICK, AS SURE AS EGGS IS EGGS.

Those of the Hen Not in It, an Epieure Says,

"People who never ate any eggs but liens' eggs don't know what eggs are," said a New Yorker who claims to know all about extraordinary edible things. "But it's a good thing. of course. If everybody knew how much bet-ter lots of other kind of eggs are than hens' eggs it wouldn't be long before the birds and fowl that lay the really superior eggs would be as extinct as the dodo or the great auk. They are scarce enough as it is, and us fellows that are on to the qualities of the eggs they lay have to hustle like Sam Hill to get a mess now

"This is the season now for some of those deck. My mouth is watering in expectation of what I'm going to have for breakfast some day, say a month from now. Ruffed grouse eggs. They'll come from Sullivan county. There won't be more than a dozen of 'em maybe, but they'll cost me \$2 spiece. I shudder to think, though, what they will cost the man for me if he should happen to be caught in the act of getting them. Ton dollars apiece, I think it is. That is the price the law puts on ruffed grouse eggs-\$120 a dozen. But say! By Jove, they're worth it! I made a big bargain with the man who agreed to send 'em down to me last spring. Why, pinnated grouse eggs are worth \$100 a dozen, as any Chicago epicure will tell you. Pinnated grouse are prairie chickens, you know. Their eggs are worth \$60 a dozen, and although they are delicious, they are not in it at all with our own ruffed grouse eggs. A morsel fit for the gods, sir. is a ruffed grouse's egg. The pampered palate of no Oriental potentate ever lingeringly dallied with so rich and surpass-

"Then there is the crane's egg, especially the crane that lays the eggs that come into the Savannah market along about this time of year, and are sold—would you believe it?—for he price of barnyard hens' eggs! Why, even if these crane's eggs were not any better than bens' eggs, the toll and danger that the egg hunter has to subject himself to in gathering them ought to make them worth at least a dollar apiece. He has to hunt 'em among dense undergrowth in the almost inaccessible haunts of the spindle-shanked bird that produces them, and then has to dispute

rossession of them with hordes of dead-ly reptiles, chief among them being a rattlesnake of unsurpassed ferocity and inordinate size, to say nothing of a moecasin snake that has a front so florce and de-

a ratiesnake of unsurpassed ferocity and inordinate size, to say nothing of a moscasin snake that has a front so flerce and defiant that it can almost paralyze you with a glance. The great resort of the cranes, whose eggs ought to he almost without price, is Danfuskie Island, and have heard egg hunters relate things that have occurred to them. In fighting away rattors and mecanins to get at the nests, that mad mecanists of get at the nests, that mad mecanists of get at the nests, that mad get have a solid and my usood run could be semented in the market price for the grant of the mere than the market price for the grant of get and the market price for the grant of get and the market price for the grant of get and the market price for the grant of get and the grant of get in the market price for the grant of get and the grant of get in the grant of the grant of get in the gr

GOOD STORIES OF THE PRESENT DAY. Reporter with Burglars. Copyright, 1883, by Charles B. Lewis.

"What! Another suburban burglary!" ex-

claimed the city editor as I handed in a half solumn "scoop" one night at midnight. Yes, and the police have no clue." " How many does this make?" "This is the seventh in three weeks and no Have you given the police fits ?" "Yes. I have stated that the detectives have utterly failed to get on-Chief of Police seems to be perfectly helpless-citizens talk of a vigilance committee—gang of criminals running the city, and the Mayor had better bounce the police force and then step down and out himself."

Good! The old man will back us on the editorial page, and the Star will send to New York for a couple of first-class detectives and nave the honor of breaking up this gang. Keep mum. but hustle. It's our golden op-portunity." Seven residences in the eastern addition had

been burglarized, one after another, and all doubtless by the same gang, and yet the de-tectives had utterly falled to get a lead. Jewelry, money, and silverware had been taken in each case, but nothing could be traced or recovered. In two instances an intruder had been seen and his description furnished, but the police had arrested a score of "suspects" only to turn them loose again. After the first three cases I had been instructed to "turn loose" on the police, and I had followed instructions so vigorously as to endanger every official head. After my article about the seventh burglary appeared, backed as it was by an editorial headed, "Our Incompetent Police," I was virtually outlawed at headquarters. I was leaving the building after receiving a volley of abuse from the Chief. when a messenger boy handed mes note. This was at 8 o'clock in the evening of a September night. The note was addressed to me by name and stated that I could secure some very inburgiaries by calling at a certain house or Harrison avenue. That was one of the streets in the eastern addition, and all the burglaries had taken place within a radius of half a mile of the house named. I did not stop to wender who lived there, nor to ponder over the contents of the note, which was signed "One Who Is Posted." There was a scoop in it, and a chance to get the better of the Chief again

I found the house to be a rather ancient twostory frame, situated between two brownstone fronts. You will find the same thing on a dozen streets in New York. Boston. Philadelphia, or Chicago. The property belongs to an estate or to some one who is obstinate or ndifferent to the march of improvement. The door was opened by a colored woman, who seated me in a very plainly furnished parlor and then disappeared. In about five minutes she returned and asked me to walk up stairs. and on reaching the second floor she opened There were two occupants, loth men. One fan in his hand, and the other sat reading a newspaper at a centre table. There was a sort of free and easy look to things which struck me queerly. I had expected to meet a gentleman in his own parlor-one of the vic-tims of the series of robberies, no doubtwhile these men were a bit rough looking, and a bottle of whiskey and a pack of cards were in sight on the cheap-looking table. I won't admit that I felt like withdrawing before a word had been spoken, for duty calls a reporter into queer places, and experience brings indifference, but I reaffirm that I had a half-defined suspicion that things were not exactly straight.

and I called a cab and drove directly to the

"Ah, you are Mr. Blank of the Star !" said the one at the table, as he rose up and extended his hand. "Permit me to introduce myself as Mr. Green. This gentleman is my friend, Mr. Scott. Glad to see you, Mr Blank Take this chair. Rather warm this evening

Have a smoke or a drink?"

I took a cigar which he offered me from a box lying on the foot of the bod, and after it was well alight I referred to the note and added that I would be glad of any information they could give.

"Let's see." replied the one at the table.

"There has been a series of burglaries in this suburo?"

"Yes."

"Seven in all?"

"Yes."

"And up to this time the police have failed to make an arrest?"

you."
I had a row with him only an hour ago."
"And the Star is going to employ detectives on its own account. I hear?"
"I believe so."

"I believe so."

Very enterprising paper, the S'ar is," he continued as he took up the last issue and glanced up and down its columns. "I suppose if you could get a lead on this whole business it would be a big thing for you, eh?"

"It certainly would, sir."
"And you'd rather like to get even with the Chief of Police?"

Chief of Folice."

"Of course."

"The man on the bed chuckled as if he had heard a good joke. From the instant the other began speaking I feit that I was menaeed. There was a tinge of bittern-sa in his tones. and though he amilia one good joke. From the instant the other began speaking I feit that I was menaeed. There was a tinge of bittern-sa in his tones. and though he amilia one good in the feither he and in the feither he an

talking, and he interrupted me to arouse his companion and say:

We will now be going. We are going the least of the chief of the seed of

"You are the reporter who has written up each account, I believe?"

"How are the reporter who has written up each account, I believe?"

him back to the hospital, and he had not given it enough time. It might possibly come in the afternoon, but he could surely expect it by

THE COMING ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

Prof. Young of Princeton Describes the Preparations Made to Observe It. Just now the interest of astronomers is very

much taken up with the total eclipse of the sun, which is to occur on April 10. The shadow, which, like a long black tail. extends nearly 250,000 miles behind the moon. mother earth, first touching the Pacific Ocean off the coast of Chill, traversing the whole width of South America, crossing the Atlantic. and finally leaving the globe in the middle of the "Dark Continent." Wherever it touches there will be a circle of darkness, varying in width from 80 to 120 miles, and it will move with a speed exceeding that of a cannon ball pecupying from three minutes to four and three-quarters in passing over any spot which is upon the centre of its track. The fortunate bserver so situated will, if the weather is fine.

witness the wonders of a total aclipse. The moon will appear first to strike the western edge of the aun, and little by little will eneroach upon it until the whole of the blazing disk is covered. Then, while the shadow is passing, the scarlet chromosphere, the so-called "prominences," and, above all, the mysterious corons, the most beautiful of all celestial objects, will become visible for few brief moments, until the sunlight again

On such occasions the exact moments when leaves the sun, and when "totality" begins and ends, are carefully noted, since such observations, made at known stations, are of great value in determining the moon's place and motion. But at present still greater interest attaches to the "astro-physical" observations which are possible only during the few seconds of total obscuration—observations with spectroscopes, photometers, polariscopes, and especially with photographic apparatus of various kinds.
With the spectroscope, the observers will

try to study the neculiar phenomena which accompany the beginning and close of totality. when for an instant the familiar dark-lines spectrum of the sun is transformed, and is filled with lines that are bright instead o dark, lines which, thoroughly identified, would yield a most instructive record of the constitution of the solar surface, and sottle instantly a long docket of disputed questions. But the visual observations are necessarily

for personal bias. If the photograph c plate can be made to register the fleeting factsand the attempt will be made on this occasion with better prospects of success than ever before-then the record, if less complete than that given by ocular observations, will be more certain and trustworthy. Hitherto, it is true, photography has not been very successful in dealing with this phenomenon, but since

SHADOWS IN THE STUDIOS

SOMETHING BESIDES FUN AND FAME IN AN ARTIST'S LIFE.

Hostonian's Uninchy Love for a Paris Model and His Lonely Death is a New York Sindio-The Part a Lay Pigare Played in a Painter's Death Watch.

Artists are generally supposed to be lighthearted, improvident fellows, but there are tragedies beside the easels that are divulged only to a few. Not long ago the newspapers gave a brief account of the sudden death of a well-known genre painter of this city. Beyond a statement of his death and a brief resume of his important canvases the obituary went into no details of his history. Yet there have been few romances so interesting as that of Vandyke Brown's life. He was a pupil of Gérème. Originally a clerk in a Boston banking house, he had no

aptitude for business, and, after trying for several years to master debits and credits, he drew out all the savings amassed by long seconomy and went to Paris to study art, When he first went into Gerome's studio, Brown was 35 years old. But although considerably older than most of his associates, the Boston man was not less sentimental than his companions in the Quartier Latin. Here he had a cheap room, where he painted hard, lived modestly, and tried to eke out his slender resources un-til his education was completed. He fell in love with a model. They all do that in the Latin Quarter. Generally it is a transitory passion, which burns floreely until a new grisette displaces her rival in the student's affections. But Vand, se Brown was too mature in mind and years to be fickle. He was honestly in love with Marie Vancard. She was his own discovery. He had picked

her out of the throng of flower girls around the Opera. She was 15 years old, blond. slender, and pretty, of a pertant coquettish rather than a sensuous style of beauty. He bought a bouten lière from the girl, chatted with her, found that she was an orphan, and engaged her for his model. She know nothing about posing, and was not an apt pupil. Vandyke Brown soon realized the shallowness of her nature, but, in spite of the knowledge that he was making a fool of himself, he fell desperately in love with the glil. She sin in leved what little money he possessed in buying trinkets and decking berself out in ribbons, The infatuated painter neglected his studies in order to gratify the whims of his protigio. She was absolutely without gratifule. One day, after conxing a snal may oleon out of his scanty heard, she said coolly: "Monsions, I think you will never be a grand

nrist. I bid you added I go to Monseur Richonet. He is rich. II is beautiful. He is young. You are old. I love you not. Added!" Brown took to absinthe. After a few weeks of reckiess dissipation he nulled himself to-

and the state of the control of the